Periodical

CHILDREN'S NUMBER

THE CRISIS

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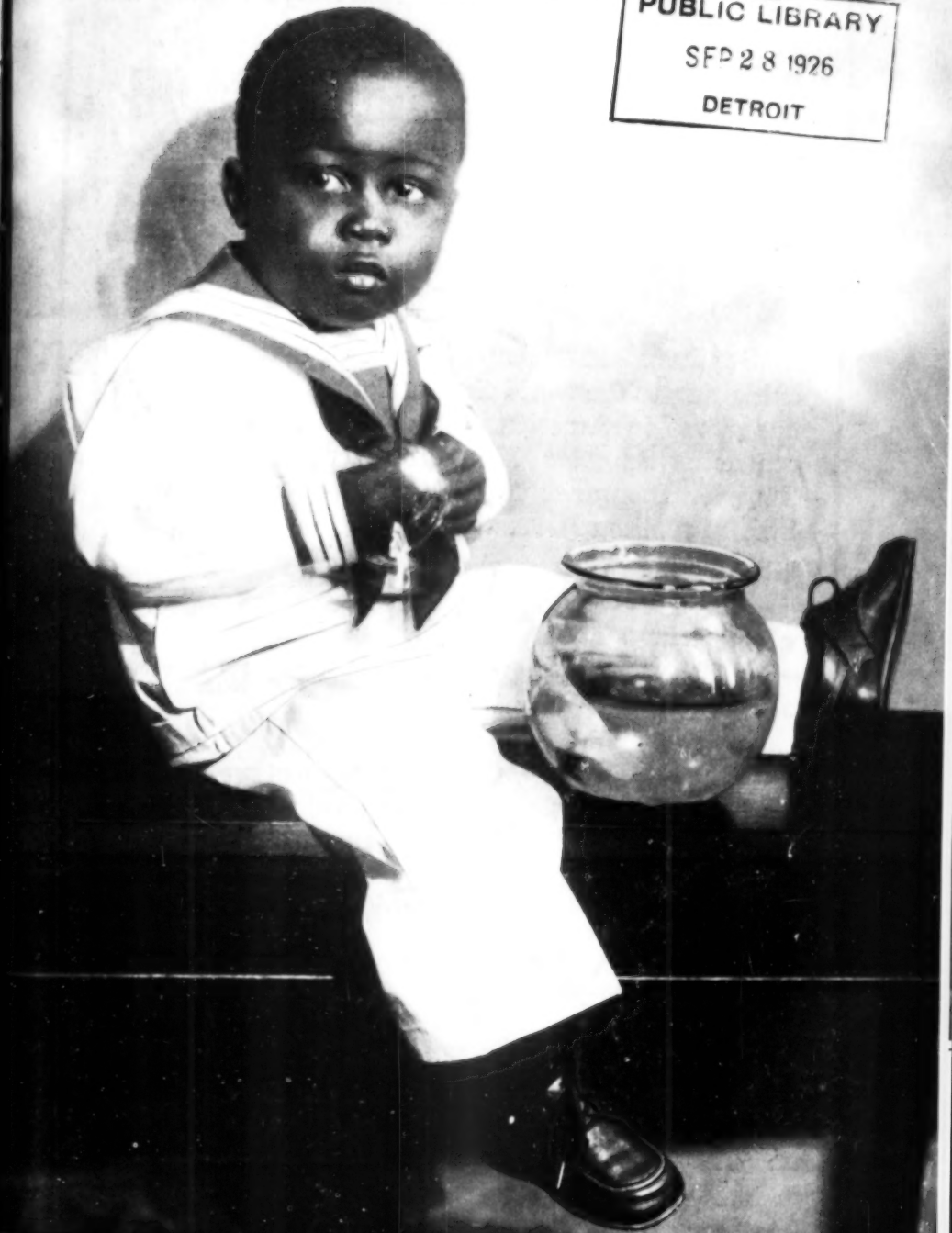

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The Crisis

A Record of the Darker Races

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THE CRISIS MAGAZINE: Published monthly and copyrighted by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Conducted by W. E. Burghardt Du Bois; Jessie Redmon Fauset, Contributing Editor; Augustus Granville Dill, Business Manager. 15 cents a copy, $1.50 a year. Foreign subscriptions $1.75. The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage and while THE CRISIS uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

In the November CRISIS, Charles W. Chesnutt contributes to our Symposium on Negro Art.

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THE CRISIS

Vol. 32 No. 6 OCTOBER, 1926 Whole No. 192

OPINION of W. E. B. DU BOIS

CRISIS CHILDKEN

AGAIN WE COME to the Annual Children's Number. Few magazines have tried to do more for the children than THE CRISIS. The space we have given them is indeed much too small and of this they have frequently complained; but at any rate, we have given them space every year and during the last years, with the help of Effie Lee Newsome, almost each month. This is as it should be, for the development of sound children and the youth among us is the astonishing thing of our history.

There are to be sure not enough children in families of the better class; and this is a matter for earnest thought among us. If children are not born to the family, why not adopt them? There are numbers and numbers of cases of adoption among colored folk today and THE CRISIS has helped in many cases.

Then beyond quantity of children there comes the matter of quality—a thing of much greater importance. We have still the spoiled and pampered child, over-protected and over-indulged, because the parent had so little of guarding and joy. Common sense and social education will weed these children out. Send your little girls and boys to summer camps and let them learn physical hardness and sportsmanship, and the glory of the great outdoors.

Schooling is still our grave problem. The colored child in the mixed public school has for the most part a hard road to travel. But he will be often stronger and sturdier for the experience, if he pulls through. The colored child in the better colored public schools has also the difficulty of contact with masses who have had small opportunity in this world. It frightens the careful mother and father to know what their children must meet here; but nevertheless, the masses of this world have always been unpleasant companions and only by contact with the better can they be made more pleasant and more useful. At least in your home you have a chance to make your child's surroundings of the best: books and pictures and music; cleanliness, order, sympathy and understanding; information, friendship and love,—there is not much of evil in the world that can stand against such home surroundings.

There is a real sense in which the world is growing young; and that is the reason we are paying more attention to the Youth, the Child and the Baby; and we are doing this because here we have glimpsed Eternal Life.

PRIZES

ON OCTOBER 25TH in the hall and theatre of International House on Riverside Drive, New York City, THE CRISIS will give a program of plays and readings in honor of those who have entered manuscripts and drawings in THE CRISIS Prize Compe-

tition of 1926 and to all friends of these contestants and of the Renaissance of Negro Art. The plays will be interesting, the speeches will be few and short, the prize winners will be announced and presented, and a reception will follow. The price of admission will be one dollar. The public is cordially invited to be present. At this time also we shall announce certain prize competitions for 1926-27.

PAN-AFRICA

I AM MORE THAN PLEASED to announce that the Fourth Pan-African Congress will meet in New York City in August, 1927. The First Pan-African Congress met in Paris in February, 1919; the Second met in London, Brussels and Paris in August and September, 1921; the Third met in London and Lisbon in November, 1923.

With every meeting came increased although more or less veiled opposition, particularly from the great colonial powers and from many missionaries and philanthropists. The suggestions for a Fourth Congress in 1925 brought little tangible response and on the other hand redoubled effort on the part of certain white leaders to take personal charge of all efforts toward African uplift and unity.

Personally, I had determined that, unless the idea of Pan-Africa took such root in the minds of thinking men of African descent as to make them rally voluntarily to the idea, I would not push it further. Already, at my solicitation, the N. A. A. C. P. had financed the first two Congresses; while the Peace and Foreign Relations Committee of the National Association of Colored Women had stood behind the Third.

Finally, this year the Circle of Peace and Foreign Relations, which under the leadership of Mrs. A. W. Hunton had become an independent body, announced its intention of convening the Fourth Pan-African Congress and asked my aid and co-operation. This I have promised and we hope that the coming Congress will be the greatest and most important gathering of representatives of all branches of the black race which the world has yet seen; and that it will settle for all time the question as to whether Negroes are to lead in the rise of Africa or whether they must always and everywhere follow the guidance of white folk.

ALBERT BUSHNELL HART

LAST MONTH Albert Bushnell Hart, for over forty years Professor of History and Government in Harvard University, retired from active duty. He was one of my teachers when I went to Harvard; together with William James and Josiah Royce. He made tremendous impression upon me. Primarily the impression made by Albert Bushnell Hart was a certain thoroughness and method, the cataloging and filing in Manila folders of the endless, multitudinous, confusing facts of history. Under him I delved into historical research and adventure; published my first book, "The Suppression of the Slave Trade", which he with delicate compliment made the initial volume in the Harvard Historical Studies.

But with all this there was still a greater impression which these three men made. In judging me, they did not make the color of my face the prime and faithful and important fact. Apparently they quite forgot my face and my hair and my ancestors and they treated me as simply human. At first shyly and with some perturbation, I visited their homes; afterward quite naturally I ate with them; I met their wives and children; I became a friend of the family, and was invited with other friends. How singularly a commentary upon this

Above: GARNETT ROY HIGGENBOTHAM, Atlanta, Georgia
Below: LUTHER PORTER JACKSON, JR., Chicago, Ill.
Oval: ROBERT JACOBSON, Hugoton, Kansas

great, free Republic of the West that this does and ought to remain in my mind as the greatest fact about three great teachers! In this way then and later in personal intercourse and by his writing about slavery and Reconstruction, Albert Bushnell Hart has done much for the Negro in America. May the end of his days be peace!

CORALIE COOK

CORALIE FRANKLIN COOK has retired after twelve years' service as member of the Board of Education of the District of Columbia. Her services have been inestimable. She has brought dignity and intelligence to bear in a nest of intrigue and graft. She has protected Negro womanhood from white skunks in Congress and out, Northern and Southern. She has maintained to her utmost ability a high standard of appointment and administration and she leaves a system of Negro schools at the capital of the nation which compares favorably with any school system black or white in America. The Negro race owes Mrs. Cook a deep debt of gratitude.

CRIME

FOR A LONG TIME the South has treated Crime as a matter of race. It used the courts to disfranchise the Negroes, to excuse mob violence and to secure cheap labor for the State and for individuals. The result was Negro "crime" on a tremendous scale. It was to this crime that the South pointed with calm assurance whenever there was talk of Negro uplift or Negro suffrage. But this sort of thing defeats itself. The Southern Negro today does not expect justice in the courts. He seeks not protection by policemen, but protection from policemen. He does not depend upon the law because he knows that the law is arranged to cheat him. He has no faith in judge and juries, and thus shows good sense.

The result is seen in various places in the South and particularly has been brought out in South Carolina lately. The *Weekly News* of the University of South Carolina, May 5, 1926, shows that while there is a majority of Negroes in the state, fifty-one and one-tenth per cent of the legal prosecutions in the state were against white people; that the rate of court cases was two and two-tenths per one thousand white inhabitants and two for the Negroes. In addition to this, in the last ten years white prosecutions have increased eighty-seven and one-tenth per cent while Negro prosecutions have decreased sixteen and six-tenths per cent. In the rate per thousand inhabitants, white prosecution has increased fifty-seven per cent and Negro prosecution has decreased twenty per cent. Even these figures tell but half the story. As a well-known South Carolina lawyer writes us "when we consider that the crimes of many white people in this part of the country never reach the courts, which is scarcely true of the Negro, these statistics become more illuminating".

Then too, the Negroes get much more severe punishment than the whites and the jails are perfect incubators of crime. It is doubtful if a more distressing picture could have been given than the report of the Special Joint Legislative Committee to investigate conditions at the State Penitentiary made at the regular session of the General Assembly of South Carolina in 1923 and published by the State. Half of the cells are in darkness all day. The kitchen is "filthy"; the buildings are "dilapidated"; three hundred prisoners have

Top Row: Louise Taylor Hayden, Dayton, Ohio; Doris Marie Brown, Lima, Ohio; Geraldine Prentiss, Lexington, Kentucky; Janet Turner, Dayton, Ohio. Second Row: Estelle Parker, Frankfort, Kentucky; Elerene Myrtle Murphy, Salt Lake City; Harriet Elizabeth Bell, Frankfort, Kentucky; Samuel Sanford Dunston, Lexington, Kentucky. Third Row: Daniel Echols, Buffalo; Bessie Lee Davis, Raton, N. M.; Theodore Morgan McKee, Frankfort, Kentucky; Ruby Irene Kirk, Portland, Oregon. Bottom Row: Bernard Douglas Philips, Buffalo; Arthur Sayres Anderson, Buffalo; Cecile Eileen Biggs, Dayton, Ohio; Loraine Tatman, Chicago.

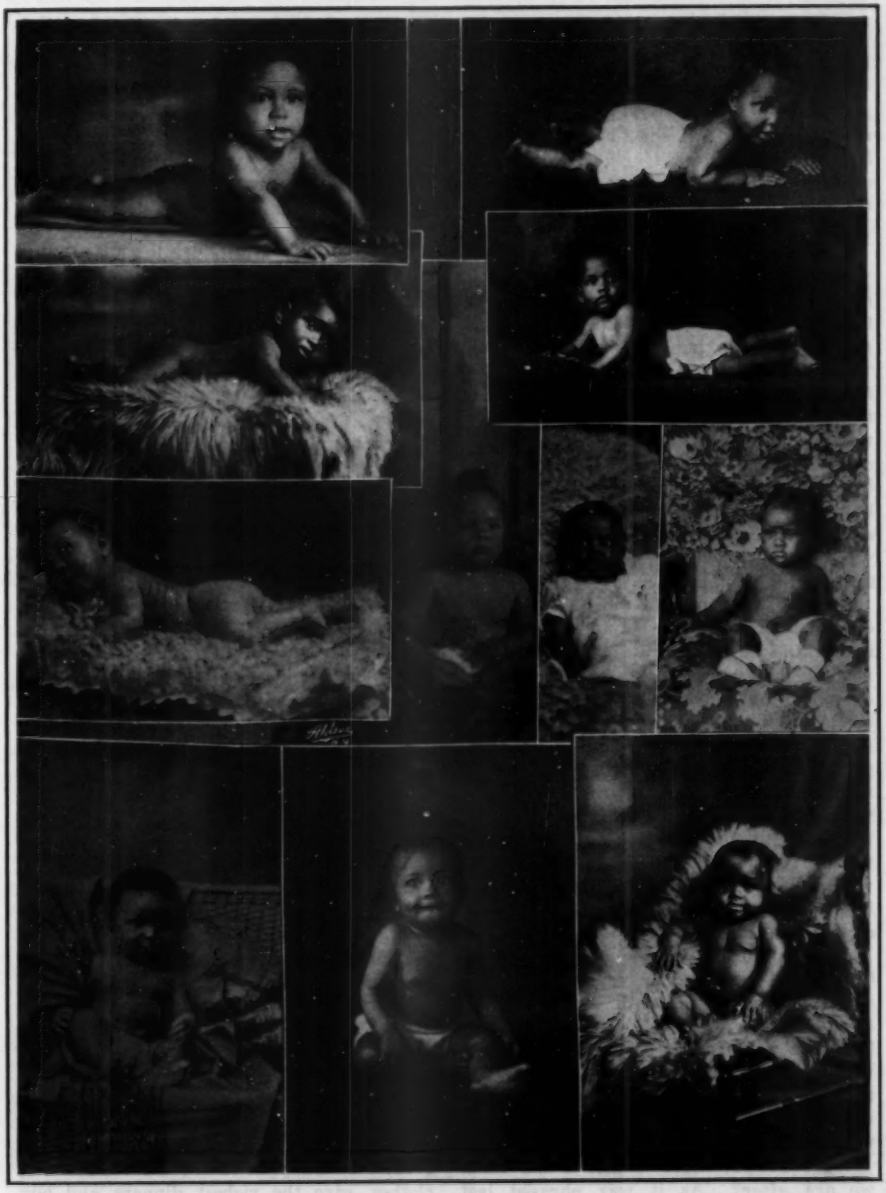
only ten toilets; there are almost no decent facilities for bathing and the prisoners dry themselves with their own soiled clothing. There is almost a "complete lack of personal records". There is no adequate arrangements for dish washing so that the dishes are dirty and greasy. During the winter months 280 cells are too dark for reading. No recreation is allowed except gambling. "There are no written or printed rules to govern the conduct of and control over prisoners." Accounts and records are unbelievably inadequate and incomplete. There is every chance for dishonesty and graft on the part of the keepers. Brutal punishments are inflicted, like flogging, chaining around the neck. The constitution unadmittedly declares that "corporal punishment shall not be inflicted", and yet, as the official report declares: "As many as forty-seven lashes have been administered to men and twenty-five to Negro women. (White women are not whipped). Women and men are stripped naked to the waist, men are sometimes entirely naked. The women have their arms placed in stocks while being whipped. Men whipped in the death house are laid face down on the table used to lay out dead bodies after electrocution, they are held in place by guards or trusties who hold their wrists and ankles, and by a stick placed across the neck, the ends of which are held down by the assistants. Men whipped in the basement of the hospital building have their wrists handcuffed and secured above their heads to a ring in the wall. The whipping strap used for the women is a duplicate of that used for the men—a piece of smooth, pliable harness leather about a quarter of an inch thick, two inches wide and twenty inches long secured to a round wooden handle ten inches long . . . We heard evidence that men have lost consciousness under the lash. A trusty who works out of doors 200 feet from the women's building testified that he could hear not only the cries for mercy of the women undergoing punishment in their second story barracks room, but that he could hear and count the stroke of each lash on the bare back. Floggings in the death house can be heard in the nearby main cell house. Those in the upper stories can count the strokes as they are administered in the whipping room in the basement of the hospital building. One Negro woman was put in the stocks, her back bared and whipped for breaking ranks and picking a flower in the prison yard."

"COLONEL"

I WAS PROFOUNDLY astonished to find myself put down in the passenger list of the steamship "Pennland" as "Col. W. E. B. Du Bois". I have in my day achieved several titles and had many thrust upon me by the exigencies of the color line and for other reasons; but "Colonel"! I puzzled over it and then I saw light. Of course I may be quite wrong, but suppose—just suppose, that a careful steamboat agent had entered me this way: "W. E. B. Du Bois (Col.)", not for publication of course but as—an evidence of good faith. And then the intelligent stenographer comes along and seeing this obvious slip of the Boss, corrects it, and lo! "Col. W. E. B." etc. If this wasn't true it was good enough to be true and I've chuckled over the grand joke on the Red Star Line from Sandy Hook to the Hook of Holland.

But, honor bright, I neither assumed a "military" bearing nor even flashed an eagle eye!

An early issue of THE CRISIS *will contain Marieta Bonner's "Nothing New".*



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Criteria of Negro Art

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

So many persons have asked for the complete text of the address delivered by Dr. Du Bois at the Chicago Conference of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People that we are publishing the address here.

I DO not doubt but there are some in this audience who are a little disturbed at the subject of this meeting, and particularly at the subject I have chosen. Such people are thinking something like this: "How is it that an organization like this, a group of radicals trying to bring new things into the world, a fighting organization which has come up out of the blood and dust of battle, struggling for the right of black men to be ordinary human beings—how is it that an organization of this kind can turn aside to talk about Art? After all, what have we who are slaves and black to do with Art?"

Or perhaps there are others who feel a certain relief and are saying, "After all it is rather satisfactory after all this talk about rights and fighting to sit and dream of something which leaves a nice taste in the mouth".

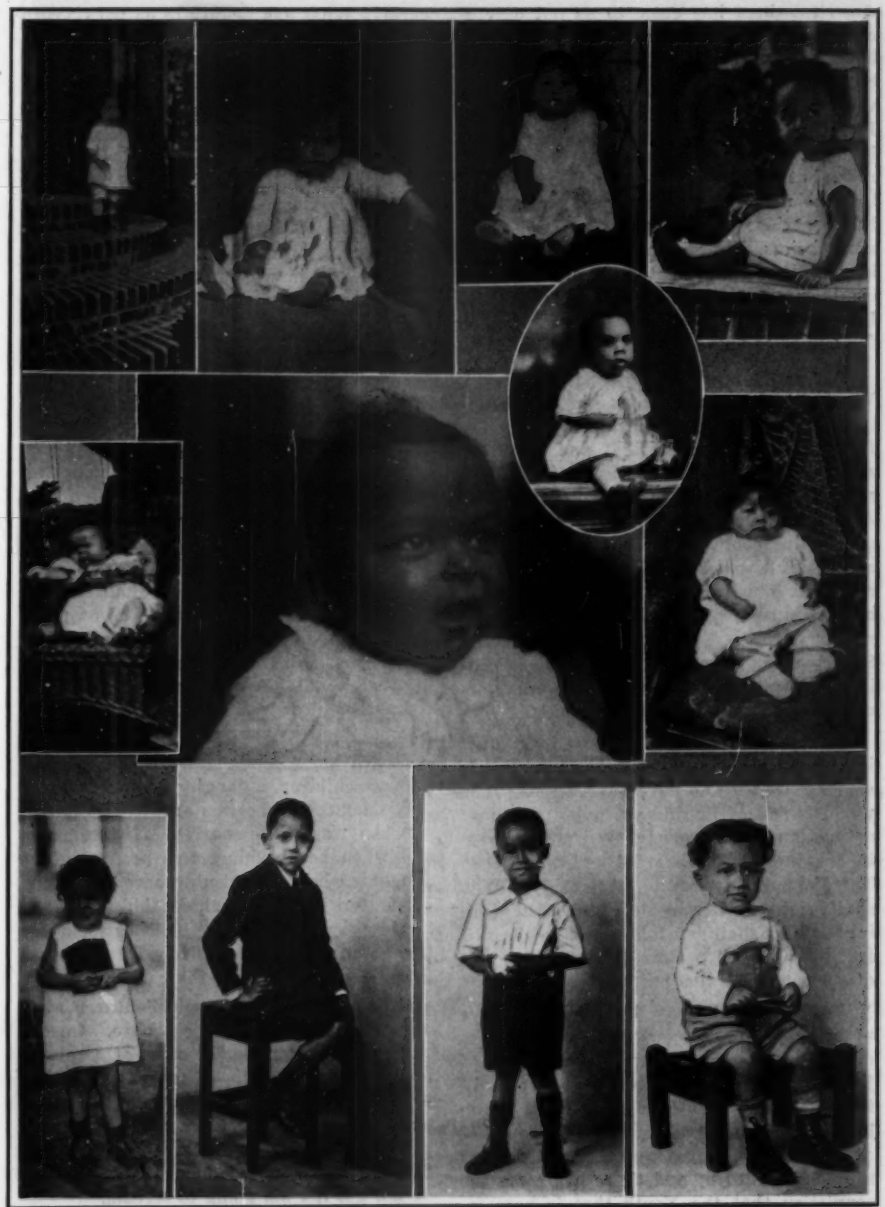
Let me tell you that neither of these groups is right. The thing we are talking about tonight is part of the great fight we are carrying on and it represents a forward and an upward look—a pushing onward. You and I have been breasting hills; we have been climbing upward; there has been progress and we can see it day by day looking back along blood-filled paths. But as you go through the valleys and over the foothills, so long as you are climbing, the direction,—north, south, east or west,—is of less importance. But when gradually the vista widens and you begin to see the world at your feet and the far horizon, then it is time to know more precisely whither you are going and what you really want.

What do we want? What is the thing we are after? As it was phrased last night it had a certain truth: We want to be Americans, full-fledged Americans, with all the rights of other American citizens. But is that all? Do we want simply to be Americans? Once in a while through all of us there flashes some clairvoyance, some clear idea, of what America really is. We who are dark can see America in a way that white Americans can not. And seeing our country thus, are we satisfied with its present goals and ideals?

In the high school where I studied we learned most of Scott's "Lady of the Lake" by heart. In after life once it was my privilege to see the lake. It was Sunday. It was quiet. You could glimpse the deer wandering in unbroken forests; you could hear the soft ripple of romance on the waters. Around me fell the cadence of that poetry of my youth. I fell asleep full of the enchantment of the Scottish border. A new day broke and with it came a sudden rush of excursionists. They were mostly Americans and they were loud and strident. They poured upon the little pleasure boat,—men with their hats a little on one side and drooping cigars in the wet corners of their mouths; women who shared their conversation with the world. They all tried to get everywhere first. They pushed other people out of the way. They made all sorts of incoherent noises and gestures so that the quiet home folk and the visitors from other lands silently and half-wonderingly gave way before them. They struck a note not evil but wrong. They carried, perhaps, a sense of strength and accomplishment, but their hearts had no conception of the beauty which pervaded this holy place.

If you tonight suddenly should become full-fledged Americans; if your color faded, or the color line here in Chicago was miraculously forgotten; suppose, too, you became at the same time rich and powerful;—what is it that you would want? What would you immediately seek? Would you buy the most powerful of motor cars and outrace Cook County? Would you buy the most elaborate estate on the North Shore? Would you be a Rotarian or a Lion or a What-not of the very last degree? Would you wear the most striking clothes, give the richest dinners and buy the longest press notices?

Even as you visualize such ideals you know in your hearts that these are not the things you really want. You realize this sooner than the average white American



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because, pushed aside as we have been in America, there has come to us not only a certain distaste for the tawdry and flamboyant but a vision of what the world could be if it were really a beautiful world; if we had the true spirit; if we had the Seeing Eye, the Cunning Hand, the Feeling Heart; if we had, to be sure, not perfect happiness, but plenty of good hard work, the inevitable suffering that always comes with life; sacrifice and waiting, all that—but, nevertheless, lived in a world where men know, where men create, where they realize themselves and where they enjoy life. It is that sort of a world we want to create for ourselves and for all America.

After all, who shall describe Beauty? What is it? I remember tonight four beautiful things: The Cathedral at Cologne, a forest in stone, set in light and changing shadow, echoing with sunlight and solemn song; a village of the Veys in West Africa, a little thing of mauve and purple, quiet, lying content and shining in the sun; a black and velvet room where on a throne rests, in old and yellowing marble, the broken curves of the Venus of Milo; a single phrase of music in the Southern South—utter melody, haunting and appealing, suddenly arising out of night and eternity, beneath the moon.

Such is Beauty. Its variety is infinite, its possibility is endless. In normal life all may have it and have it yet again. The world is full of it; and yet today the mass of human beings are choked away from it, and their lives distorted and made ugly. This is not only wrong, it is silly. Who shall right this well-nigh universal failing? Who shall let this world be beautiful? Who shall restore to men the glory of sunsets and the peace of quiet sleep?

We black folk may help for we have within us as a race new stirrings; stirrings of the beginning of a new appreciation of joy, of a new desire to create, of a new will to be; as though in this morning of group life we had awakened from some sleep that at once dimly mourns the past and dreams a splendid future; and there has come the conviction that the Youth that is here today, the Negro Youth, is a different kind of Youth, because in some new way it bears this mighty prophecy on its breast, with a new realization of itself, with new determination for all mankind.

What has this Beauty to do with the world? What has Beauty to do with Truth and Goodness—with the facts of the world and the right actions of men? "Nothing", the artists rush to answer. They may be right. I am but an humble disciple of art and cannot presume to say. I am one who tells the truth and exposes evil and seeks with Beauty and for Beauty to set the world right. That somehow, somewhere eternal and perfect Beauty sits above Truth and Right I can conceive, but here and now and in the world in which I work they are for me unseparated and inseparable.

This is brought to us peculiarly when as artists we face our own past as a people. There has come to us—and it has come especially through the man we are going to honor tonight*—a realization of that past, of which for long years we have been ashamed, for which we have apologized. We thought nothing could come out of that past which we wanted to remember; which we wanted to hand down to our children. Suddenly, this same past is taking on form, color and reality, and in a half shamefaced way we are beginning to be proud of it. We are remembering that the romance of the world did not die and lie forgotten in the Middle Age; that if you want romance to deal with you must have it here and now and in your own hands.

I once knew a man and woman. They had two children, a daughter who was white and a daughter who was brown; the daughter who was white married a white man; and when her wedding was preparing the daughter who was brown prepared to go and celebrate. But the mother said, "No!" and the brown daughter went into her room and turned on the gas and died. Do you want Greek tragedy swifter than that?

Or again, here is a little Southern town and you are in the public square. On one side of the square is the office of a colored lawyer and on all the other sides are men who do not like colored lawyers. A white woman goes into the black man's office and points to the white-filled square and says, "I want five hundred dollars now and if I do not get it I am going to scream."

Have you heard the story of the conquest of German East Africa? Listen to the untold tale: There were 40,000 black men and

* Carter Godwin Woodson, 12th Spingarn Medallist.

Top Row: Eleanor Jessica and Ulysses Grant Dailey, 2nd, Chicago; Elizabeth Louise, Friendly James, Walter L. Brown, Jr., Birmingham; John A. Jr., and Robert C. Bailey, Columbus, O. Second Row: Emma L. Cartwright and Chester Washington, Jr., Bloomington, Ind.; George Dewey Clements, Jr., Ocala, Fla.; Vera Eason Adams, Fayetteville, N. C. Third Row: Helen Hamilton and Gloria Harris, Philadelphia; Fletcher Davis, Jr., Frankfort, Kentucky; Robert Burnett Johnson, East Chicago, Ind.; King Champion, Jr., Birmingham. Bottom Row: Graham Adolphus Hall Wood, Lynchburg; Carolyn Betty Wood, Lynchburg; Flora Thomson, Hackensack, N. J.; Frank M. Brown, Indianapolis.

4,000 white men who talked German. There were 20,000 black men and 12,000 white men who talked English. There were 10,000 black men and 400 white men who talked French. In Africa then where the Mountains of the Moon raised their white and snow-capped heads into the mouth of the tropic sun, where Nile and Congo rise and the Great Lakes swim, these men fought; they struggled on mountain, hill and valley, in river, lake and swamp, until in masses they sickened, crawled and died; until the 4,000 white Germans had become mostly bleached bones; until nearly all the 12,000 white Englishmen had returned to South Africa, and the 400 Frenchmen to Belgium and Heaven; all except a mere handful of the white men died; but thousands of black men from East, West and South Africa, from Nigeria and the Valley of the Nile, and from the West Indies still struggled, fought and died. For four years they fought and won and lost German East Africa; and all you hear about it is that England and Belgium conquered German Africa for the allies!

Such is the true and stirring stuff of which Romance is born and from this stuff come the stirrings of men who are beginning to remember that this kind of material is theirs; and this vital life of their own kind is beckoning them on.

The question comes next as to the interpretation of these new stirrings, of this new spirit: Of what is the colored artist capable? We have had on the part of both colored and white people singular unanimity of judgment in the past. Colored people have said: "This work must be inferior because it comes from colored people." White people have said: "It is inferior because it is done by colored people." But today there is coming to both the realization that the work of the black man is not always inferior. Interesting stories come to us. A professor in the University of Chicago read to a class that had studied literature a passage of poetry and asked them to guess the author. They guessed a goodly company from Shelley and Robert Browning down to Tennyson and Masefield. The author was Countée Cullen. Or again the English critic John Drinkwater went down to a Southern seminary, one of the sort which "finishes" young white women of the South. The students sat with their wooden faces while he tried to get some response out of them. Finally he said, "Name me some of your Southern poets". They hesitated. He said finally, "I'll start out with your best: Paul Laurence Dunbar"!

With the growing recognition of Negro artists in spite of the severe handicaps, one comforting thing is occurring to both white and black. They are whispering, "Here is a way out. Here is the real solution of the color problem. The recognition accorded Cullen, Hughes, Fauset, White and others shows there is no real color line. Keep quiet! Don't complain! Work! All will be well!"

I will not say that already this chorus amounts to a conspiracy. Perhaps I am naturally too suspicious. But I will say that there are today a surprising number of white people who are getting great satisfaction out of these younger Negro writers because they think it is going to stop agitation of the Negro question. They say, "What is the use of your fighting and complaining; do the great thing and the reward is there". And many colored people are all too eager to follow this advice; especially those who are weary of the eternal struggle along the color line, who are afraid to fight and to whom the money of philanthropists and the alluring publicity are subtle and deadly bribes. They say, "What is the use of fighting? Why not show simply what we deserve and let the reward come to us?"

And it is right here that the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People comes upon the field, comes with its great call to a new battle, a new fight and new things to fight before the old things are wholly won; and to say that the Beauty of Truth and Freedom which shall some day be our heritage and the heritage of all civilized men is not in our hands yet and that we ourselves must not fail to realize.

There is in New York tonight a black woman molding clay by herself in a little bare room, because there is not a single school of sculpture in New York where she is welcome. Surely there are doors she might burst through, but when God makes a sculptor He does not always make the pushing sort of person who beats his way through doors thrust in his face. This girl is working her hands off to get out of this country so that she can get some sort of training.

Top Row: Josie Elizabeth Pleasant, Savannah; Mamie Elizabeth Harris, Durham, N. C.; Roberta Harriet Palfry, New Orleans; Joyce Levert Todd, San Antonio. Second Row: Albert E. Collier; Esther E. Newton, Ocala, Fla.; Carolyn M. Barnes Casey, Toledo; Elizabeth Lockitt, Boston. Third Row: Camille Gwendolyn Marie McCann, New Orleans; Sigel Freeman, Topeka; Benjamin Tanner Johnson, Jr., Canton, Ohio; Calvin F. Brown, Westfield, N. J. Bottom Row: Phyllis Noel Early, Killarney, W. Va.; Dennis F. Inman, Johnson City, Tenn.; William Curd Cleveland, Middlesboro, Ky.; Hortense Campbell, Bedford, Ind.

There was Richard Brown. If he had been white he would have been alive today instead of dead of neglect. Many helped him when he asked but he was not the kind of boy that always asks. He was simply one who made colors sing.

There is a colored woman in Chicago who is a great musician. She thought she would like to study at Fontainebleau this summer where Walter Damrosch and a score of leaders of Art have an American school of music. But the application blank of this school says: "I am a white American and I apply for admission to the school."

We can go on the stage; we can be just as funny as white Americans wish us to be; we can play all the sordid parts that America likes to assign to Negroes; but for any thing else there is still small place for us.

And so I might go on. But let me sum up with this: Suppose the only Negro who survived some centuries hence was the Negro painted by white Americans in the novels and essays they have written. What would people in a hundred years say of black Americans? Now turn it around. Suppose you were to write a story and put in it the kind of people you know and like and imagine. You might get it published and you might not. And the "might not" is still far bigger than the "might". The white publishers catering to white folk would say, "It is not interesting"—to white folk, naturally not. They want Uncle Toms, Topsies, good "darkies" and clowns. I have in my office a story with all the earmarks of truth. A young man says that he started out to write and had his stories accepted. Then he began to write about the things he knew best about, that is, about his own people. He submitted a story to a magazine which said, "We are sorry, but we cannot take it". "I sat down and revised my story, changing the color of the characters and the locale and sent it under an assumed name with a change of address and it was accepted by the same magazine that had refused it, the editor promising to take anything else I might send in providing it was good enough."

We have, to be sure, a few recognized and successful Negro artists; but they are not all those fit to survive or even a good minority. They are but the remnants of that ability and genius among us whom the accidents of education and opportunity have raised on the tidal waves of chance. We black folk are not altogether peculiar in this. After all, in the world at large, it is only the accident, the remnant, that gets the chance to make the most of itself; but if this is true of the white world it is infinitely more true of the colored world. It is not simply the great clear tenor of Roland Hayes that opened the ears of America. We have had many voices of all kinds as fine as his and America was and is as deaf as she was for years to him. Then a foreign land heard Hayes and put its imprint on him and immediately America with all its imitative snobbery woke up. We approved Hayes because London, Paris and Berlin approved him and not simply because he was a great singer.

Thus it is the bounden duty of black America to begin this great work of the creation of Beauty, of the preservation of Beauty, of the realization of Beauty, and we must use in this work all the methods that men have used before. And what have been the tools of the artist in times gone by? First of all, he has used the Truth—not for the sake of truth, not as a scientist seeking truth, but as one upon whom Truth eternally thrusts itself as the highest handmaid of imagination, as the one great vehicle of universal understanding. Again artists have used Goodness—goodness in all its aspects of justice, honor and right—not for sake of an ethical sanction but as the one true method of gaining sympathy and human interest.

The apostle of Beauty thus becomes the apostle of Truth and Right not by choice but by inner and outer compulsion. 'Free he is but his freedom is ever bounded by Truth and Justice; and slavery only dogs him when he is denied the right to tell the Truth or recognize an ideal of Justice.

Thus all Art is propaganda and ever must be, despite the wailing of the purists. I stand in utter shamelessness and say that whatever art I have for writing has been used always for propaganda for gaining the right of black folk to love and enjoy. I do not care a damn for any art that is not used for propaganda. But I do care when propaganda is confined to one side while the other is stripped and silent.

In New York we have two plays: "White Cargo" and "Congo". In "White Cargo" there is a fallen woman. She is black. In "Congo" the fallen woman is white. In

"White Cargo" the black woman goes down further and further and in "Congo" the white woman begins with degradation but in the end is one of the angels of the Lord.

You know the current magazine story: A young white man goes down to Central America and the most beautiful colored woman there falls in love with him. She crawls across the whole isthmus to get to him. The white man says nobly, "No". He goes back to his white sweetheart in New York.

In such cases, it is not the positive propaganda of people who believe white blood divine, infallible and holy to which I object. It is the denial of a similar right of propaganda to those who believe black blood human, lovable and inspired with new ideals for the world. White artists themselves suffer from this narrowing of their field. They cry for freedom in dealing with Negroes because they have so little freedom in dealing with whites. DuBose Heywood writes "Porgy" and writes beautifully of the black Charleston underworld. But why does he do this? Because he cannot do a similar thing for the white people of Charleston, or they would drum him out of town. The only chance he had to tell the truth of pitiful human degradation was to tell it of colored people. I should not be surprised if Octavius Roy Cohen had approached the *Saturday Evening Post* and asked permission to write about a different kind of colored folk than the monstrosities he has created; but if he has, the *Post* has replied, "No. You are getting paid to write about the kind of colored people you are writing about."

In other words, the white public today demands from its artists, literary and pictorial, racial pre-judgment which deliberately distorts Truth and Justice, as far as colored races are concerned, and it will pay for no other.

On the other hand, the young and slowly growing black public still wants its prophets almost equally unfree. We are bound by all sorts of customs that have come down as second-hand soul clothes of white patrons. We are ashamed of sex and we lower our eyes when people will talk of it. Our religion holds us in superstition. Our worst side has been so shamelessly emphasized that we are denying we have or ever had a worst side. In all sorts of ways we are hemmed in and our new young artists have got to fight their way to freedom.

The ultimate judge has got to be you and you have got to build yourselves up into that wide judgment, that catholicity of temper which is going to enable the artist to have his widest chance for freedom. We can afford the Truth. White folk today cannot. As it is now we are handing everything over to a white jury. If a colored man wants to publish a book, he has got to get a white publisher and a white newspaper to say it is great; and then you and I say so. We must come to the place where the work of art when it appears is reviewed and acclaimed by our own free and unfettered judgment. And we are going to have a real and valuable and eternal judgment only as we make ourselves free of mind, proud of body and just of soul to all men.

And then do you know what will be said? It is already saying. Just as soon as true Art emerges; just as soon as the black artist appears, someone touches the race on the shoulder and says, "He did that because he was an American, not because he was a Negro; he was born here; he was trained here; he is not a Negro—what is a Negro anyhow? He is just human; it is the kind of thing you ought to expect".

I do not doubt that the ultimate art coming from black folk is going to be just as beautiful, and beautiful largely in the same ways, as the art that comes from white folk, or yellow, or red; but the point today is that until the art of the black folk compells recognition they will not be rated as human. And when through art they compell recognition then let the world discover if it will that their art is as new as it is old and as old as new.

I had a classmate once who did three beautiful things and died. One of them was a story of a folk who found fire and then went wandering in the gloom of night seeking again the stars they had once known and lost; suddenly out of blackness they looked up and there loomed the heavens; and what was it that they said? They raised a mighty cry: "It is the stars, it is the ancient stars, it is the young and everlasting stars!"

The Little Page

With Autumn Greetings to the Children

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

CALENDAR CHAT

THIS is going to be a very strange CALENDAR CHAT. I dont know what you will think of it. It is about wheat-thrashing in Ohio when I was a child.

This was a great season for us—the time of thrashing that extended from late summer to early autumn. We loved to hear the thrashing machines approaching with a clattering noise and an occasional sound of the whistle from far up the pike.

It was next to having a circus come to town, not that any circus ever visited our tiny village. The boys would drop the jolliest game of croquet or run forth from the most enticing orchard tent at the sound of the thrashing "mush-ine", if I may give *m-a-c-h-i-n-e* the pronunciation that our childhood speech bestowed upon it.

If the boys had been munching mellow golden harvest apples these became as naught in their hands and were dropped to earth because of the magic call of that thrasher that came crawling like a dark caterpillar up the white dusty pike. It seemed that it would never reach our gate.

We girls had no thought of following the machine. This wild escapade appealed rather to the boys. Yet we enjoyed watching the grimy wheels at close range from our post at the front gate. A sooty dusty affair, that thrashing machine, manned by soiled laborers in blue overalls and flapping straw hats. They would signal cheerily to the boys if any of these remained as spectators; but usually by the time the machine had reached our gate the boys were aboard as well-established passengers and would gaze upon us with menacing triumph as we threatened, "I'm going to tell ON YOU. I'm going TO TELL!"

There seemed something absolutely reckless and, to the last degree dare-devil in hopping up on a thrashing machine and riding off with its hilarious crew. We had all heard terrible stories of boys having limbs torn from them in the course of thrashing machines' operations, which was possible and true.

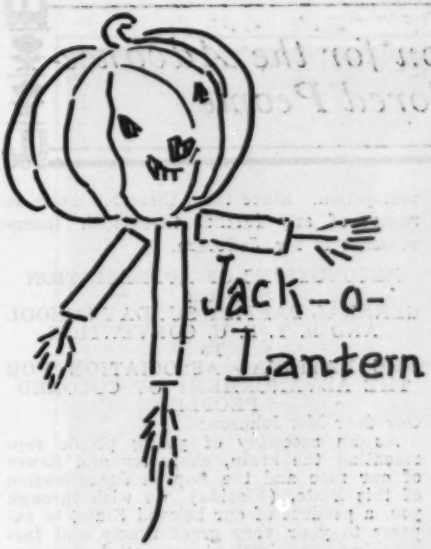
But off went our brothers nevertheless, leaving us the alloyed solace of reporting their departure to our disgusted elders. The boys followed the machine with the hope of being employed to "feed", that is, armed with pitchforks, to stand on the great golden heaps of wheat and toss up bunches of it into the thrasher.

The beauty of that scene! The splendor of it! To stand on a hill and look down upon some great broad plane with full summer sun upon it and the thrashing machine puffing out clouds of amber chaff, and the men in blue overalls jumping and trotting about, and the boys tossing straw upon one another or rolling down the mountains of straw.

At noonday the work ceased. The farmer host would have laden tables waiting for the toilers. Frequently the machine's crew included well-to-do farmers who with their own field hands had come to help their neighbor out, or who, to use our local designation, were "neighboring". So they exchanged courtesies. But back to the thrashing dinner!

The boys upon returning home at dusk barefooted, conscience-stricken, approaching by some deep hidden cow path or sneaking over a stile to avoid parental challenges, would share with us as the price of silence their proceeds from feeding the machine and pass around some rare sweet pears and give most eloquent accounts of those dinners, rich with all the apple pie—flecked with nutmeg, I imagine—that one could eat.

But sometimes in the midst of these vivid descriptions a parent would surprise the runaway. His story would end. Sometimes the day abruptly closed for him, for he would be sent to bed, if the punishment ended there. No dread of consequent suffering, however, could cure the boys of their love for following thrashing machines. They might allow the busy wheels to roll past our house for perhaps two days after the last chastisement. But on the third day they would surely be off again on the first thrasher passing toward the boundless fields of wheat.



JACK O-LANTERN

JACK-O-LANTERN came to town
Just as sunset settled down.
Eyes of red in his head
And a smile like any clown.

Jack-o-lantern bold and gay,
Drive the goblins all away
With your light burning bright,
Though you're here for just one day.

Jack-o-lantern, jolly Jack,
Send away when you come back
All the witches with their switches
And their high-peaked hats of black.

THE HASTY APPLES

"COME, lets fall, this is fall!"
Cried the apples one and all.
"Very well!" And they fell
Quicker than my words can tell.

To the ground with a sound,
And they tumbled all around
Where they lay through the day,
Since no one came that way.

Save the sun, just for fun,
When he saw what they had done:
"Most wise trees, if you please,
Wait for Heaven to send the breeze.

"Then they drop, then they stop.
Then come others with a 'pop'—
Don't just spill at their will,
And lay scattered on the hill.

"Sad to do, sad but true,
I'll just have to shine on you!"
Then the sun touched each one
Till its rosy cheeks were gone.

"Ah, dear me", sighed the tree,
"Oh, how patient one should be!
Rushing so ends in woe,
Every young thing ought to know."

THE FLYING REGIMENT

(The Leaves in Autumn)

THE FLYING REGIMENT swirls down,
All smart in suits of khaki brown.
It camped through summer in the trees,
Till orders came—borne by the breeze—
To move for quarters on the ground.
Oh, hear that rustling, whisking sound
Of THE FLYING REGIMENT!

ON CONCERTINA

ON *concertina* grandmamma
Made music long ago.
I guess she sang to its strange sound,
"Do, fa, sol, re, me, do."

National Association for the Advancement of Colored People

POLICE PROTECTION OF HOMES

IN two cases recently, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has had occasion to appeal for protection to the police in the case of law-abiding and respectable colored people who had been threatened with eviction from their homes in neighborhoods predominantly white. One of the cases was that of Dr. Charles H. Garvin of Cleveland, Ohio, who had been threatened with death if he did not leave his home and from whose house it was proposed to remove police protection on August first. The Association sent a vigorous letter to the Director of the Department of Public Safety urging that proper protection of Dr. Garvin's home be continued, as to protect a man's home and prevent violence had proven far less expensive to city governments than long and elaborate court trials arising out of such disorder as had been permitted in Detroit in the case of Dr. Sweet's home. A prompt reply came from Mr. Edwin D. Barry, Director of the Department of Public Safety in Cleveland, giving assurance that the City of Cleveland intended to have no such outrages as disgraced Detroit and promising full protection for Dr. Garvin in his citizenship rights.

Tommie and Johnnie Evans
Oswego, Kansas

The second case in which an appeal was made to the police occurred in New York where Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Jefferson of Jamaica, Long Island, were threatened in a letter signed "Ku Klux Klan" with physical violence if they did not leave their home. Appeals by Mr. Jefferson to the Jamaica police having proved unsatisfactory, the N. A. A. C. P. took the matter directly to Mr. George V. McLaughlin, Police Commissioner of New York City, and received a letter from Commissioner McLaughlin saying that he had turned the matter over to the Detective Bureau for investigation. Since then, there has been no report of any further threats or inconvenience to Mr. Jefferson.

RESOLUTIONS OF APPRECIATION
From
GENERAL BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL AND B. Y. P. U. CONVENTION
To
THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF COLORED PEOPLE.

Our dear Mr. Johnson:

As an assembly of young people representing the brain, character and flower of our race and the Baptist denomination of this State, (Florida), we wish through you, a product of our beloved State, to express to your very great timely and far-reaching organization our most hearty appreciation for the most invaluable service it is rendering our race and nation in its battle for right and justice for the darker races on earth.

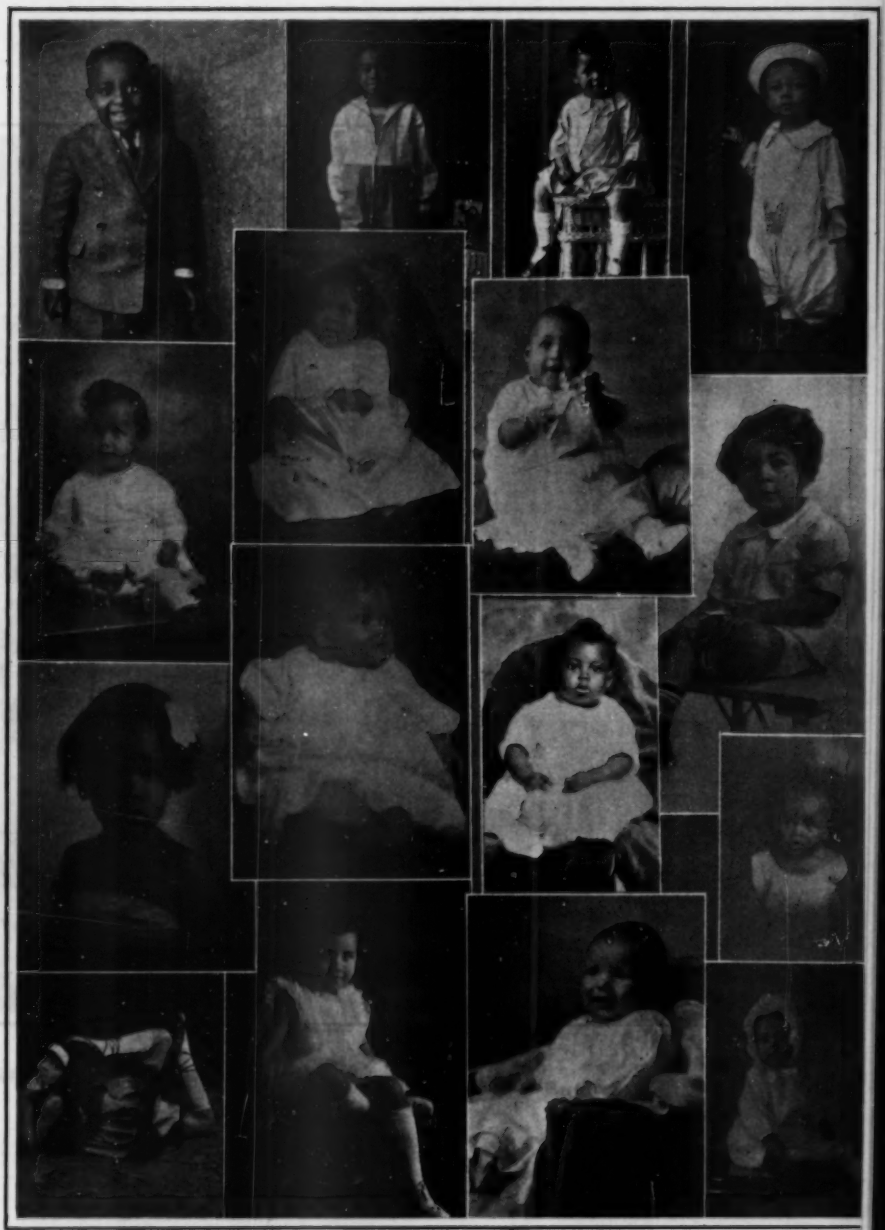
Realizing fully the delicacy and difficulty of such an undertaking we wish to assure you of our most hearty co-operation and support in same.

We would have you further appreciate the very keen interest with which we followed the recent case of our own Dr. Sweet and the very great joy and relief that was ours at the much prayed-for outcome.

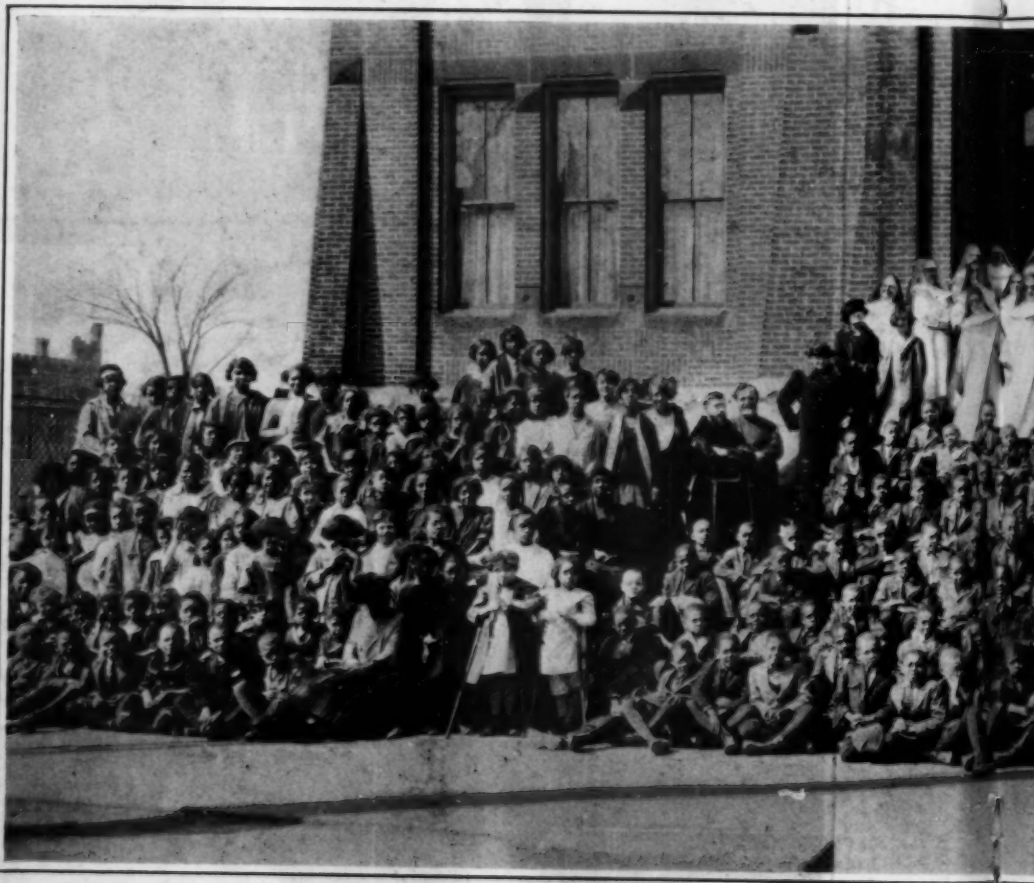
We would also have you know that we are highly sensible for the recent injustice being heaped upon us throughout the nation and especially here in our State, viz: at Labelle, St. Petersburg and Palatka, the information which has no doubt reached you in full. We pray your co-operation in helping to see that full justice is obtained in same and that such flagrant disregard for law and order be forever done away with.

We are yours for the Cause of Right.

(Committee) Dr. W. C. Brown,
Pres. Gen. Convention.
Rev. H. K. Hill,
Pres. S. S. Con.
Rev. W. M. Poe,
Pres. State B.Y.P.U. Con.
Mrs. Viola T. Hill, Pres.
Women's Gen. State Con.
Rev. K. D. Reddick,
Rev. B. J. Gattis,
Rev. J. Tinsley.



Top Row: Chauncey Worrell, Newark, N. J.; J. Garrett Parker, Tarboro, N. C.; W. C. Brunt, Jr., Athens, Ga.; Crawford Banks, Atlanta. Second Row: Annie Lee Taylor, Tucson, Arizona; Jacqueline Jones, Boston; Ethlyn Lucille Carmichael, Detroit, Mich.; Lloyd Spence Rogers, Brooklyn. Third Row: Edythe Christine Graves, Jacksonville, Ma Chére ....., Philadelphia; Dorothy Louise Young, Bloomington, Ill.; J. E. L. Guess, Okmulgee, Okla. Bottom Row: Marian James, Philadelphia; Ora Evelyn Williams, Danville, Va.; Medford Allens, Jr., Little Rock; Alva Louis Lindsay, Toledo.



SCHOOL OF SAINT BENEDICT THE MOOR MI

OOR MISSION, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

The Story of Miriammne

BURKE HARCOURT

IT all happened long, long ago.

The name of the town doesn't matter, nor that of the country either. Their names had a far-away sound like the sea-song in a brown conch shell held close to the ear. They are both long forgotten like a sweet, confused dream of childhood. No one travels their streets today, though perhaps the birds are still singing in the woods that surround the little village which nestles in the soft caressing arms of palm trees as a tired babe rests in the arms of its mother.

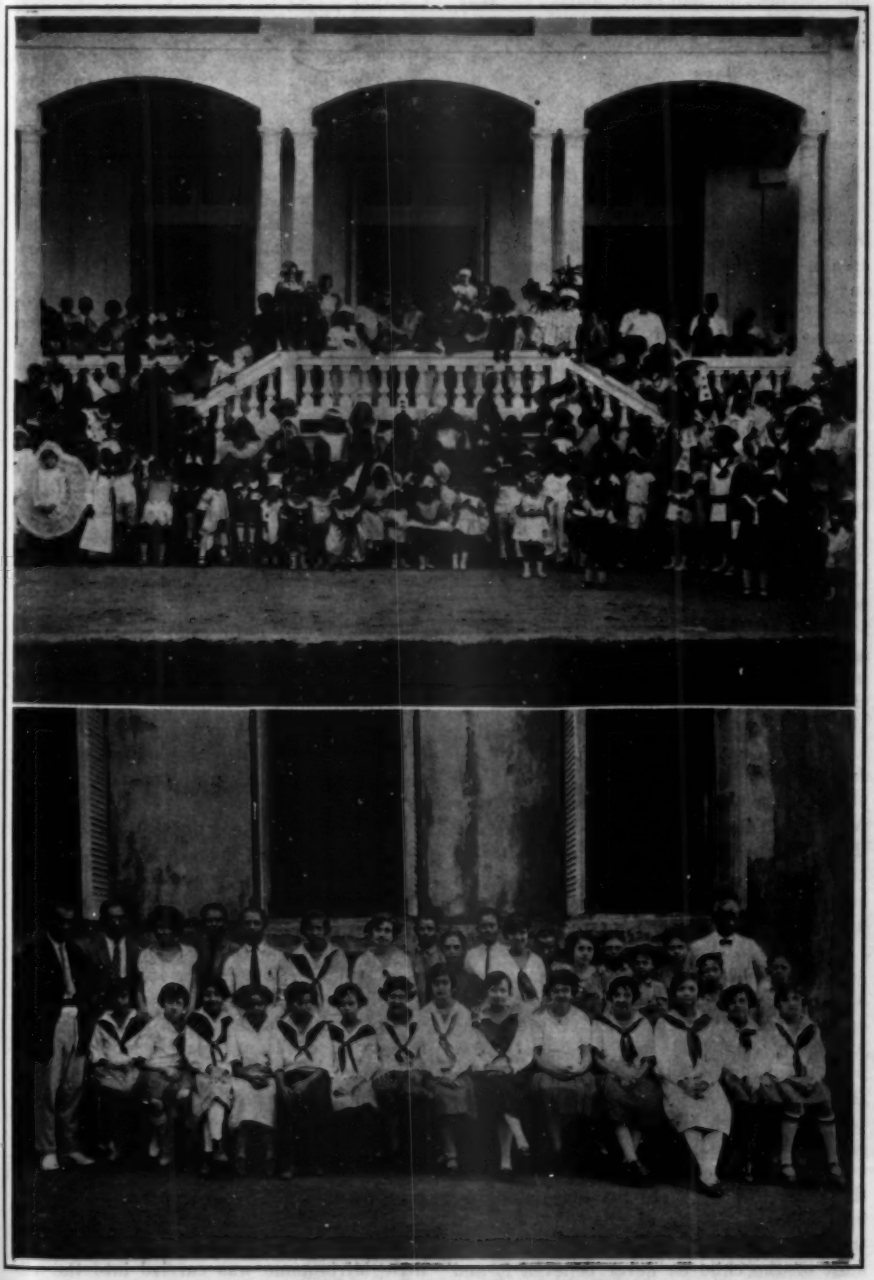
The child Miriammne lived in that town, in a little house away from the centre of things, close to the edge of the wide-spreading wood. She had a dear, kind mother, a sister and a brother. Miriammne being the baby of the family was likewise, as most babies indeed are, the very light of the home. From that first hour when she opened her tiny, bright eyes to the sun Miriammne was considered to be quite different from any other babe that ever had been born in that village. Everybody thought so, and a few said so. Those who did not say so kept back their thoughts in a grudging sort of way from a spirit of jealousy. And who could blame them,—when their own babies did give more trouble and did cry oftener than Miriammne?

Now the little town in which Miriammne lived was a town so loved by the sun that he seemed to spend most of the year there. People in other towns used to grow quite irritated because the sun paid such long visits to Miriammne's town. The result was natural enough so far as Miriammne's townfolk were concerned: They lived so long in company with dear old Father-Sun that, whether they wanted to or not, they had let their skins become quite dark just to protect them from the tremendous love of the sun, which was very warm love indeed. So that by the time Miriammne was born she herself was quite dark in skin-color, because so many of her ancestors had been darkened by the sun. Some people might have called her "black", but that would have been only half true. On the outside Miriamme was very dark indeed, but within she was all light, which of course is vastly more important. In fact Miriammne was very much like another little girl who was born ever so many years ago and whose name was not unlike "Miriammne". That little girl too was very dark on the outside, but inside she was a great burning light. Her mother's name was Anne—but that's another story entirely and doesn't belong here.

The little town in which Miriammne lived was not rich. The very nicest thing about it was that it was poor. So of course it was impossible for Miriammne to be rich; and that was one of the many nice things about Miriammne. Her family lived in a tiny house that could not hold many things and yet it somehow seemed always full of the nicest things possible. People often wondered why the little house seemed so full; and then they began to see that it was being filled by the love of little Miriammne. They soon forgot the many nice things the house might have had in it because Miriammne's love was so big it hardly left room for anything else even, in so small a house.

As Miriammne grew a wee bit bigger each day, her love seemed to grow with her. Wherever she went, either toddling about from room to room, or wandering under the banana trees or the great scarlet-plum tree in the little garden, she seemed to carry a bright cloud of love with her. And the very nicest thing of all about this particularly nice child was that she didn't know anything about this cloud of love. Other people noticed it and spoke about it, but to Miriammne it seemed only natural to be loving and gentle to her family and all her friends. After all she was not a "stuck-up" child—she was only very good and she grew in goodness. In most ways she was very much like the other children in the village. She played at their games and did all that a normal child wanted to do that was right. Likewise she often got into mischief, but you may be sure that it was never anything mean or vicious.

And what happy days those were! Such



ABOVE: CHILDREN'S BALL AT THE PORT-AU-PRINCE CLUB, HAITI

BELOW: A GROUP OF PORTO RICAN YOUTH

long games of doll-baby house as they played under the plum tree, such sweet hours spent in the little church nearby. Long, happy days of childhood! And always Miriammne was the joy of her family and the delight of her friends. And dance, how Miriammne could dance! She seemed to float through the air like a gently blown cloud.

So the little village went its quiet way, in a half-waking, half-sleeping sort of dream, just doing the simple duties of each day and doing them rather well. Miriammne soon grew big enough to go to school and also to take her share in the daily toil. She did simple little things such as running errands and sweeping, and sometimes even helping with the cooking. But whatever she did, she did so well and with a loving spirit that the tiny house became the very happiest spot on earth for her mother and sister and brother (and for Miriammne too) which, of course, is just what a home should be for those who live in it. They would not have changed it for the grandest palace money could buy.

And so the years went by, very swiftly and very happily, and Miriammne was growing into quite a big child when a very strange and terrible thing happened.

We have not forgotten that at the back of the little village there was a dense and beautiful wood. Oh! such a cool shady place, where Miriammne and her little friends loved to play. Often on holy-days they took their lunch baskets into the woods and had such jolly picnics as you could never imagine. At other times Miriammne used to wander there alone when she wished to be quiet and all by herself. She was not a pious child, which would have been unnatural, but her little church was very dear to her; and ever since that day she had been confirmed (all drest in white, with a soft lawn veil about her forehead) she liked sometimes to slip quietly into the cool dark church or to wander alone in the cool dark woods.

Now it had often been hinted that in those very woods there lived great, fierce, brown bears. Some of the older men in the village claimed to have seen them, but most of the children never believed it and thought it only a terrible tale invented to frighten them when they were naughty. They knew they had never seen the bears, but that might have been because the animals had learned not to come to that part of the woods close to the village. The older men said that a time was when there had been no bears at all in those woods, but one day a traveler was passing through the village and he had two performing bears on a great strong chain. The village people were much amused at the antics of these trained bears and they decided that it would be nice to buy the bears and keep them to amuse the villagers when things grew a bit dull. They decided too that it would be profitable to charge a fee from people of other villages who might come to see the bears perform and that would be a way of raising some money for the rather poor village. So they bought the bears and kept them for a long time. As time went by they grew so used to the bears that they were no longer afraid of their strange pets, and one day they let them loose just to see what they would do. At first the bears were very quiet but when they began to feel that they were no longer chained up they became quite wild again and ran off into the woods. There they lived, and died, and left many little bears behind to take their places. But that all happened long before Miriammne was born, and even if there were bears in those woods the village children were certainly not afraid of them.

So it happened that one afternoon Miriammne finished all her little tasks of the day quite early and she got leave from her mother to go for a walk. Naturally she went to her favorite spot and wandered long in the shade of the cool green woods just thinking and thinking of what a happy life she led and what a dear, kind family and pleasant home she had, and not thinking at all of bears, when, suddenly without any warning, she heard a terrible growling right behind her. She turned quickly to see a huge brown bear rushing at her with his sharp claws and terrible teeth. And that was all Miriammne remembered.

Oh! what a weeping and wailing there was when the torn and bleeding body of little Miriammne was carried into the village. Two strange woodsmen had come upon Miriammne and the bear just in time to save the child from being torn to death.

Herman, Fred Milton and Hamilton Cloud
Birmingham

Frank McCoy, Jr.
Little Rock

Gussie Louise Harleston
Charleston, S. C.

Julia Mae Hubert
Sumter, S. C.

Sybil Elizabeth Ferguson
Los Angeles

Marjorie Juanita Jordan
Thomasville, Ga.

David Joseph
Newark, N. J.

Gwendolyn Smith
Thomasville, Ga.

Ella Wease Nathan
Bloomington, Ill.

Ralph Cumings, Jr.
Little Rock

Clifford Kirby
Birmingham

George W. Rash, Jr.
Birmingham

Amos Alvin Carter, Jr.
Columbus, Ohio

June E. Jones
Birmingham

Erroll Grandy
Ivanhoe, Va.

J. D. Anderson, Jr.
Americus, Ga.

Harold Royce Winnings, Jr.
Bloomington, Ill.

Arle Overton
Middlesboro, Ky.

These woodsmen were quite unknown in that part of the country and no one in the village could remember ever having seen them before, nor were they ever seen afterwards. But they seemed to know exactly where Miriammne lived and they bore her tenderly to her mother's home.

What a terrible sight Miriammne was to her poor mother! Everybody in the village was quite sure that the child could not possibly live after the dreadful way the bear had battered her about. Doctors, nurses, friends, relatives did all they could for the little patient but soon they gave up all hope of being able to save her life. One person only refused to give up hope, and that was Miriammne's mother. She was a good pious soul, who did not talk much about her religion, but deep down she had a rich, strong faith. Though her little daughter's life was hanging by the merest thread this good woman still believed that there was One Who "is mighty to save". She thought of Him Who raised the little daughter of Jairus, though everybody laughed Him to scorn when He said "the child is not dead but sleepeth". It was to Him the mother went. She knew that all that man could do had been done; no human aid could restore to her that precious life, so she sought the God-Man through His appointed means—she sent for His priest.

The holy man came, and even then some of the mother's friends laughed him to scorn. Of course they were too polite to laugh openly amid such grief, but they thought that the whole performance which he went through was but a worn-out custom in which only ignorant people believed. But the mother and the man of God thought differently. With a great outpouring of prayer, he anointed the little body of Miriammne, so close now to death, with the Holy Oil.

Then, He Who had shown such tender compassion to Jairus, He Who had called back the beloved brother of Mary and Martha from the grave, He Who had restored her only son to the poor widow of Nain, He it was Who now sent His Holy Spirit into the mangled body of little Miriammne; and from the moment of anointing the precious life blood began to beat more strongly in the little heart. From that hour she began to recover.

Deep and holy was the joy that came to Miriammne's family when they realized that she was to be spared to them, when they knew that the precious love-light of their home was not to be so suddenly blown out. But they still had their human part to do; and for weeks they nursed their little patient slowly back to health. And now that sweet love which had always been the special mark of Miriammne came to her aid and helped her to bear patiently the long, slow days of recovery.

She lay on her little bed thinking and thinking for hours at a time of all that had been done for her. She realized in her childish way that somehow God had been very good to her and given her back the precious gift of life. She felt that He would not have done this unless He had some special use to make of her. But her thoughts were the thoughts of a little child and she did not find it easy to settle the problem for herself nor to make it clear to grown-ups all that was passing through her little mind. Then one day another very strange thing happened.

It was late afternoon and the last lingering glow of sunset was tinting the white walls of Miriammne's room with a soft pink light. She lay drowsing on her little cot, with her thoughts just coming and going, like leaves blown gently about by a soft southern breeze. As she looked, the walls of her room seemed to grow far away as though they would disappear altogether. A sweet voice began to sound in her ears and she looked up to see a bright light shining all about her bed. It was not a steady light but seemed to move in waves as though a host of spirits troubled it. In the midst of this glow of splendor Miriammne began to notice a figure appearing. It was that of a woman "clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars". Then Miriammne heard her speak. She said, in a voice that rang like a soft played harp, "Miriammne!"

And when the little Miriammne heard that gentle voice she was not at all afraid but felt a strange, sweet peace flowing through her soul. She answered, "Yes, mother, dear", in that same tone in which she always answered her own dear earthly mother, which by the way, was another of those very nice things about Miriammne.

Then the figure seemed to leave the cloud, and the stars in her crown went out one

by one, and the whole glow about her slowly faded away. Miriammne saw that the lady was now sitting on the edge of her little cot. She was clothed all in soft blue. Her face was very beautiful. Miriammne knew it to be the most beautiful face she had ever seen. It was a face dark with the color of olive and from it two soft black eyes shone with a smile upon the little girl. Then Miriammne knew that the lady had taken her weak little hand into her own; and the child felt a great peaceful sort of strength running through her tired little body.

Miriammne, like most children, was not without natural curiosity, and the lady seemed so kind and gentle that she dared to say to her very softly, "Lady-Mother", (it was what Miriammne felt she must call her—the two sweetest names on the lips of a child) "Lady-Mother, you have come to tell me something?"

"Yes", replied the lady in that same sweet, gentle voice, "I have come to tell you something. You must listen very carefully for I want you never to forget my message. . . . I was once a little girl like you on this earth long years ago. And one day I was called to do a very special work for God. I was frightened at first, but then I remembered that He would give me strength to do whatever work He put upon me. Are you willing to do the same?"

"Yes, Lady-Mother", replied Miriammne, beginning to tremble a little.

"My child", continued the lady, "the work you have to do is almost the same as that which was given to me, only a little bit different. God wants you to bear His Son forever in your heart, and to show Him forth in your life to all the world."

But Miriammne was still just a little bit afraid and she said, "Lady-Mother, I am only a little colored girl, and most people will pay no attention to what I do, how then can I do any great work for God?"

"True, my child", relied the lady, "you are only a little girl, but there are many others like you doing this work for God, and you know that little children are especially dear to my Son. True also that you are colored, but in God's garden there are roses of all colors. I know that you have sometimes seen the earth-people plant only one kind of rose in their garden, and then all the year round they have only that one kind of rose to gaze upon; but you have also seen people who put all kinds of roses in their gardens, which because of the variety are much more beautiful to look at. For the Pink rose is no more perfect in God's sight than the Red rose, nor is the Red rose more perfect than the Yellow rose. God made them all, and it is His will that every rose should be perfect in its own color and give forth a sweet fragrance of joy for Him Who made them. Do you understand me, my child?"

Miriammne nodded her little head. She did not quite understand, but she thought she saw what the lady meant and she felt she would understand it the more she pondered over it. Then she said, "Tell me clearer, sweet lady, just what I must do, so that I may never make a mistake".

"Only this", answered the lady, "bear God's Son always in your heart, live by His spirit—the Holy Spirit of Love, and show Him forth, even as I did, to all the world. You must go back to your own happy childhood life and just keep on doing the simple things that you have always done, whether at home, or in school, or at play; but remember always that you have Him in your heart and it is His life that you are using. Don't expect to do anything that your friends will call great or wonderful. Don't expect to travel far in the great world. For after all, there is nothing truly great or wonderful except Him, and compared with Him, what the earth-people call big is often very small indeed. You see it is all very much like what He asked me to do and today 'all generations call me blessed'. He has trusted you with His life and you must try to live it in a quiet, simple way entirely for Him".

Then the lady ceased speaking and Miriammne saw the glow beginning to envelop her once more. Again the stars in her crown were relighted one by one, and she began to fade into the light. As the cloud of glorious splendour began to fade from before her eyes, Miriammne heard the sound of melody. It was the sweetest tune she had ever heard, and the tone more glorious and bright than ever heard on earth, but Miriammne recognized the words as those dear, dear words she had always loved:

"Bless'd are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God."

The Horizon

¶ Mrs. Carrie L. Shepperson, the Madame C. J. Walker Medallist for 1924 and Secretary of the Little Rock Branch of the N. A. A. C. P., recently conducted the largest baby contest in the Southwest. The contest brought in $556.52. In 1924 Mrs. Shepperson personally directed an anti-lynching drive which netted $664 for the N. A. A. C. P. This drive, together with other activities for the benefit of the organization, won for her the Madame C. J. Walker Medal awarded for the first time to an individual for the most outstanding N. A. A. C. P. accomplishment during the year. She is a graduate of Atlanta University and has taught in Little Rock, Arkansas, since 1896.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WEST A. HAMILTON

¶ West A. Hamilton, formerly a major in the 428th Infantry, was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and assigned to the 372nd Regiment of the Reserve Corps. He has the distinction of being the only colored officer of the reserves to obtain the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He is an officer of the Old First Separate Battalion of the National Guard. He served on the Mexican Border and went overseas in the World War with the 372nd Regiment.

¶ At a recent meeting of the American Fund for Public Service, known as the Garland Fund, James Weldon Johnson, Secretary of The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, was elected President. The Garland Fund made an initial gift of $5,000 for the Legal Defense Fund raised by The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and further gifts of upward of $21,000 as the N. A. A. C. P. met its offers. It also gave $5,000 to THE CRISIS to carry on a survey of public school education among Negroes in the South. Mr. Johnson has been a member of the Board for several years.

¶ Among the delegates to the International Conference on Africa recently held in Le Zoute, Belgium, were Dr. John Hope, President of Morehouse College, and Reverend J. C. Olden of Washington, D. C.

¶ Wallace Thurman, a graduate of the University of Southern California, and for the past year connected with the editorial staff of *The Messenger*, has recently resigned to become a member of the editorial staff of *The World Tomorrow*. After a brief suspension, this magazine resumes publication in October with Kirby Page as editor.

Reading from right to left: Senator Shortridge, Rev. Moore, Miss Lucille Forby, Rev. T. L. Griffith, Rev. Carter, Attorney E. Burton Ceruti, Rev. R. H. Wade and Attorney C. Olivier.

The Republican Protective League and Citizen's Committee of Los Angeles, California, gave a reception in honor of Senator Samuel Shortridge some time ago. Because of his firm stand on race questions, Senator Shortridge had the backing of the colored electorate in the California Republican State Primaries and was the winning candidate.

¶ During the summer there have been many interesting conventions. The meeting of the N. A. A. C. P. has already been noted in the August CRISIS. A brief account of the more important conventions follows:—

The National Negro Business League met in Cleveland. Expansion of Negro business, improvement of race relations and betterment of health conditions among Negroes were the major topics of discussion. Dr. R. R. Moton was re-elected president.

At Cleveland, also, the Improved Benevolent Order of Elks of the World (Colored) met. The Order plans to raise $70,000 for the education of Negro youth next year. J. Finley Wilson was re-elected Grand-Exalted Ruler.

The National Convention of Congregational Workers Among Colored People met at Detroit. Negro church membership, inter-racial relationships and the youth movement were some of the topics discussed.

Over 8,000 Colored Masons attended the 27th session of the Imperial Council, Ancient Egyptian Arabic Order, Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, and the ninth biennial session of the international conference of Knights Templar in Boston, Mass. Caesar B. Blake, the Imperial Potentate, presided at the convention. The first session was addressed by the President of the convention, Mr. Albert R. Lee of Champaign, Illinois.

The National Negro Medical Association met in Philadelphia. Interesting discussions on medical subjects were given and clinics were held. A testimonial was given to Dr. Walter G. Alexander of Orange, New Jersey, the retiring President. Dr. Carl T. Roberts of Chicago is president-elect.

The National Association of Colored Women's Clubs met in Oakland, California. Mrs. Mary McCleod Bethune, president of the Bethune-Cookman Institute at Daytona, Florida, was re-elected President. One of the new features of the Association, born at this meeting, is a Young Women's Department, which was organized to interest young women throughout the country in club work, with Ella Phillips Stewart of Toledo, Ohio, as Chairman.

Two hundred delegates and representatives of various railroad systems attended the annual convention of the Association of Colored Railway Trainmen, held in Memphis. Subjects relating to the wage scales and working conditions of the Negro trainmen occupied most of the discussions. E. R. Helind of Memphis, Tennessee, was elected President.

The National Association of Negro Musicians met in Philadelphia. Rodman Wanamaker presented the Association $1000 to be awarded in scholarships for musical compositions. The Association awarded other scholarships amounting to $700. One

of these, $200, went to Harold Brown, Kansas City pianist, for study abroad; a like sum to Harrison Ferrell, Chicago violinist, and two scholarships of $75 each, to Fisk University and Hampton Institute, the winners to be chosen by the faculties of the schools.

Carl Diton, of Philadelphia, was elected President.

The Association was the guests of the John Wanamaker Store for an entire day and rendered a program under the auspices of the Robert Curtis Ogden Association. This body, organized for educational, social and recreational purposes, is recruited from the colored employees of the John Wanamaker Store. Dr. Melville Charlton gave a recital on the Wanamaker Grand Organ. His program included numbers from Bach, Burleigh, Thiel, Diton and Widor. A letter to Dr. Charlton from the organist in charge commented: "Your program was most interesting and your recital in its entirely was greatly appreciated".

¶ The work of the Rosenwald Fund in aiding rural schools has been carried on very actively during the past year. Contributions were made for the construction of 493 buildings, 479 of which were schools and 14 teachers' homes. These schools and homes were located as follows: Alabama, 29; Arkansas, 41; Florida, 9; Georgia, 12; Kentucky, 6; Louisiana, 30; Maryland, 17; Mississippi, 61; North Carolina, 74; Oklahoma, 26; South Carolina, 64; Texas, 57; Tennessee, 35; Virginia, 32. The 493 completed buildings and the 57 added rooms cost $2,467,755. Of this amount Negroes contributed $447,400, white people, $94,923, public school authorities, $1,523,601, the Julius Rosenwald Fund $401,831. The total teacher capacity of the buildings constructed during the past year is 1,336 and the pupil capacity 60,120. The amount of land on which these schools are located is 1,448 acres.

¶ David D. Jones, of Atlanta, Georgia, has been called to the presidency of Bennett College, in Greensboro, N. C., which was recently made an institution solely for women. President Jones was formerly Secretary of the St. Louis Y. M. C. A.

¶ In a recent playground track meet held at Lincoln Park, Chicago, Viola Edwards, 14 years old, cleared the bar at five feet one-eighth inch, breaking the former record of the National Women's Amateur Athletic Union made in Philadelphia, which was four feet eleven and seven-eighths inches. Previous to this, the record was four feet nine inches.

¶ Mrs. Cora J. Carter, who was for the last two years President of the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P. in Pasadena, California, died in San Francisco while attending the convention of the Colored Women's Clubs. Mrs. Carter was a vital factor in the development of the local branch of the Association.

¶ Mr. and Mrs. George B. Mathews of Buffalo, New York, have established a trust fund of $100,000. The income from this amount, about $6,000, is to be used by the Buffalo Y. M. C. A. for work among the Negro population. Mr. Mathews is President of the Niagara Milling Company. Mr. William H. Jackson, Executive Secretary of the Michigan Avenue Branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Buffalo, was instrumental in securing this gift.

¶ Not a parcel or a letter lost in thirty-four years was the record of Charles E. Goode, a Negro letter carrier of Cincinnati, Ohio, who retired recently having reached the age limit of 65. A. L. Behymer, postmaster, congratulated Mr. Goode on his record in a letter. Many of the business firms on his route remember his services with substantial gifts.

¶ Detective Lieutenant W. L. Stevens has retired from the service of the Los Angeles, California, Police Department after twenty-one years of service. He was presented by his fellow officers with a diamond studded badge as a token of their esteem. At all times during his twenty-one years of service he was diligent, resourceful and efficient.

¶ Mrs. Clara Burrill Bruce, a graduate with high honors from the Boston University School of Law, has passed the Massachusetts State Bar examination. She is the second Negro woman to do so. Mrs. Bruce plans to return to Boston University for her degree of Master of Law.

¶ James Elias Rector, of Little Rock, Arkansas, a delegate to the recent Chicago Convention of the N. A. A. C. P., has been made a member of the Republican State Central Committee of Arkansas. Mr. Rector has served on the Little Rock school board.

¶ Charlotte Ruth Wright, 15 years old, who graduated from the West Philadelphia High School last June, has been awarded

Charles Method William Middleton Effie Stroud Thomas Tolbert Henry Williams

one of the Mayor's scholarships to the University of Pennsylvania. Miss Wright was one of the twenty out of 2500 graduates who won these scholarships.

¶ Charles Arthur Method of Columbus, Ohio, was a delegate to the World's Y. M. C. A. Conference at Helsingfors, Finland. He is violinist in a Sunday School orchestra, Vice President of the Christian Endeavor Society and a member of a symphony orchestra.

¶ William Middleton, of Los Angeles, California, won the district elimination contest in a National Oratorical Contest. He defeated five white rivals and won the right to compete in the state contest at Hollywood.

¶ Effie Stroud of Colorado Springs, Colorado, is a senior in the Colorado Springs High School. She won first prize in an essay contest on chemistry with all the high schools in the city and second prize in the state contests. Miss Stroud is an honor student.

¶ Thomas Tolbert was President of the Hy-Y Club of the Booker T. Washington High School, Dallas, Texas, and representative to the International Y. M. C. A. Conference at Helsingfors. Tolbert was the only colored student delegate from the Southwest.

¶ Henry Williams is director of the Williams Violin School in Duluth, Minnesota. In addition to his private pupils he conducts a juvenile orchestra of 60 children. Mr. Williams is also a composer. Among his compositions are "Minnesota So Fair" and "The Bells of Emancipation". He was the first colored musician to be awarded a contract for band concert in the parks of St. Louis, Missouri.

¶ George B. Wright, one of the oldest colored firemen in Los Angeles, California, is to give away free 100 acres in one-acre tracts to ex-soldiers.

¶ Miss Augusta Savage, a sculptress of New York City, has been granted $500 a year for three years by the Baptist Young People's Union Convention to study in the School of Fine Arts at Rome.

¶ A new building for the Leonard Street Orphanage in Atlanta, Georgia, has been built. Its cost was $50,000 and was contributed by colored and white friends. The maintenance of the home is provided for largely by the Atlanta Community Chest Fund.

¶ Wiley College at Marshall, Texas, has been recognized as an accredited institution by Harvard, Northwestern University and the University of Wisconsin.

¶ Dr. Louis T. Wright is the first colored doctor to be promoted to the position of permanent surgeon on the staff of the Harlem Hospital in New York City.

¶ The Wage Earners Realty and Investment Company has opened to do banking business in the city of Macon, Georgia. The institution was organized by the colored business men of the city. The President of the company is Mr. T. J. Coleman.

¶ James E. Reed, expert photographer and photostatic operator for the City of Boston, is engaged in duplicating a collection of 200,000 papers that tell the story of the Massachusetts Bay Colony from 1625 down to the beginning of the United States of America. Last year Mr. Reed, who migrated north from North Carolina in 1878, made 30,000 prints. In one period of eighteen hours he turned out and washed, dried, trimmed to size and assembled 722 prints, which is said to be the photostatic record of the world.

¶ John A. Brown graduated this year from DeWitt Clinton High School, New York City. While there he was especially proficient in English, receiving 3rd prize in a short story contest in 1925. He was Presi-

John A. Brown | John L. Taylor | Poindexter Orr | Arthur B. Hart

dent of the Short Story Club of the School and Vice-President of the Short Story Club League of New York.

¶ John L. Taylor, sixteen years old, graduated this year from Morgan Park High School, Chicago, Illinois, with high honors. Besides being an honor pupil, he won an unconditioned scholarship from Armour Institue of Technology. He expects to take a full course in electrical engineering.

¶ Poindexter Orr, a graduate of Wendell Phillips High School, Chicago, Illinois, served as Class Marshall, President of the Boosters Club and President of the Student Council. The last named is the highest student honor at Wendell Phillips.

¶ Arthur B. Hart of the Thomas Jefferson High School, has distinguished himself as a basketball player, ranking among the best players in the High School class in New York City.

¶ Gilchrist Stewart, a prominent New York politician and fraternal man, died suddenly while attending the Elks Convention in Cleveland.

¶ Gordon H. Kitchen, formerly Director of the Frederick Douglass Community Association at Toledo, Ohio, is now Executive Secretary of the Crocker Street Y. M. C. A. of Des Moines, Iowa. He is a graduate of the Tuskegee Institute where he was the captain of the football team of 1921, later matriculating at Grinnell College where he excelled as an athlete and a scholar.

¶ Two colored students, James H. Montague and Miss Florence A. Taylor, of Hartford, Connecticut, have been awarded scholarships of $300 each a year during their college course by an anonymous donor who is a resident of Hartford. Both of them are exceptional students. Mr. Montague is now attending Oberlin and Miss Taylor is at Middlebury College.

¶ Attorney Miles Anderson Paige, of New York City, has been selected as a Republican candidate for State Senator. Attorney Paige, a native of Montgomery, Alabama, received his collegiate education at Howard University and graduated an honor student of Columbia University Law School in 1924.

¶ Mrs. Alice Lathon of Tulsa, Oklahoma, was nominated for Justice of Peace in the 4th District of the Republican primaries held recently. She is the first woman who ever ran for such an office in that district.

¶ Tom King of Hutchinson, Kansas, is one of the largest wheat raisers in the Southwest. He harvested a crop of 22,000 bushels of wheat from his 600 acre farm this year. Its worth is estimated at $28,000.

¶ Harvey J. Borders, of Buffalo, New York, employed at the Pullman Car Shops, holds the world's record on wheel turning on the new Seller's wheel lathe. Borders was appointed as a battery helper and was transferred to the machine shop to turn wheels. The capacity of the lathe was said to be sixteen pairs of wheels a day of eight and three-fourths hours. In two weeks time, Borders was turning out 22 pairs of wheels per day and a week later he reached his highest mark of twenty-nine and one-half pairs in one day. His highest mark for one week was one hundred thirty-five pairs of wheels. From August 25, 1922, to March 30, 1926, he has turned out 21,000 pairs of wheels, which is 8,000 more than any other wheel turner's work recorded the same length of time.

¶ The Heflin Manufacturing Company of Los Angeles, California, a Negro concern devoted to the manufacture of furniture, with toy making as a side line, received an order recently from a New York firm for $93,000 worth of the "Wampus 8" toy automobiles which the company makes. The company has a capacity of 1,000 of the toys a day and last year employed 52 persons.

Top Row: Julia Cass, Caiborne Henry, Jr., Jacquelyn France and Shirley Eugenia Riddle, St. Louis; Simon and Roland Hayes Glover, Savannah; James Henry and Joseph Pinkney McCormick, Washington, D. C. Second Row: Melba Theresa and Dolores Andreawer Baranco, Baton Rouge, La.; Joseph, Jr., and Ceola Davis; Jestina Marie and Fanny Mae Henderson, Chicago. Bottom Row: Annabelle, Calvin Coolidge and Herman Hughes, Ocala, Fla.; Maxine and Donna Craig, Lansing, Mich. Insets: Above: Aleyne and Irma Harris, Philadelphia. Below: John D., Jr., and Maggielene Jones, Indianapolis

The Looking Glass

LITERATURE

TO COUNTEE CULLEN

IT matters not if your skin is dark
As the midnight jungle track,
I thrill to the beat of the song you sing
Feeling the torture and rack
That sundered the souls of your brother slaves
For hundreds of dead years back.

Under the march of your musical lines,
Under the tread of their feet,
I hear the wind in the jungle pines
And the drone of the tom-tom's beat,
With ebon savages under the sun
In the shimmering tropic heat.

Chance gave you the soul of a minstrel fair
Housed in a blackmoor's frame,
With your heart tuned high to the upper air
Though a scion of scorn and shame,
Refusing an outcast's usual lot
And turning it into fame!

THE FAUN.

In *The Chicago Tribune.*

CRAFTSMANSHIP IN WROUGHT IRON

HELEN BULLET LOWRY, writing in the *New York Times*, has revealed some interesting facts about the beautiful wrought iron work to be found in the South and especially in New Orleans. She writes:

While scanning the horizon for debatable achievements of "the talented Negro" appropriate to his race, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois quite overlooked the first Afro-American art—the famous old wrought iron of New Orleans. It is solid and tangible proof that the Negro brought with him into his slavery the ancient art tendencies of Africa.

Without any race consciousness about it, these gracious iron balconies, these craftsmen-like grilles and charmingly designed lunettes wrought by slave labor have won their expensive place in the world of collectors, antique dealers and connoisseurs. Far from making any "to-do" over their work, the individualities of the dark-skinned craftsman who wrought the heavy bars of iron into beautiful and sensitive line have been sunk in obscurity by years of forgetfulness as impenetrable as the mists of antiquity that hang low over Africa. Only in the realm of our imagination may we come upon them—experiencing the artist's pure joy of creation.

Refuting the claim that this craftsmanship might have been done under the instruction of white craftsmen, she says:

The only flaw in the argument is that there were no white craftsmen in New Orleans at the time when the best of the iron was wrought. It was only after the War of 1812 restored the sea to America that the immigration of German artisans was to begin—an immigration that was to culminate around 1830 with riots of white artisans, because all skilled trades and crafts were monopolized by Negroes. To quote Booker T. Washington: The Southern white man did business with the Negro in a way that no one else has done business with him. In most cases, if a Southern white man wanted a house built he consulted a Negro mechanic about the plan and about the actual building of the structure. If he wanted a suit of clothes made he went to a Negro tailor, and for shoes to a shoemaker of the same race.

Speaking of the origin of these craftsmen, she says:

Tantalizing it is to wonder whence came the black craftsmen who wrought so well and so permanently in New Orleans. Did their fathers come from the Ivory Coast, where the art of Africa was most primitive, most hugely creative? Came they from Bushonogo, where the portrait sculpture of long dead savage kings seized upon characterization in character's intensest moments? Came they from the Sudan, where the influences of civilization had been percolating throughout the millenniums—where old Egyptian idols of 2000 B.C., conventionalized, traditionalized, have, as it were, gone back to nature? Secrets of vital importance, these, to the believers in the Negro's indigenous talent.

All we know is that, when opportunity came, training and talent were ready for the emergency.

THE NEGRO ON THE STAGE

DAVID BELASCO, producer of "Lulu Belle", writing in *Liberty Magazine* has predicted steady progress of the Negro in the field of dramatic art within the next ten years. He writes: "Fate has decreed that I should know the Negro of our modern times, that I should know him and his

psychology intimately and the contact has brought me to this finding: *The theatre of tomorrow must reckon with a new force —the race of Ham!*

"I say this in all sincerity, with all my fifty years of labor for the American stage: The Negro from today onward will compel recognition through the sheer power of his instinctive ability. The same receptivity that drove their African ancestors to battle frenzy at the sound of the war drums has been translated by generations of contact with civilization into terms of emotion-expression, delicate and sensitive in the extreme. And as a climax to my prediction I believe that another decade will see a Negro theatre in which we of the Caucasian race will witness his surprising development of this hitherto dormant nature gift. The Negro with his submerged, instinctive voice is a natural actor. He has sufficient background of tragedy to make him fertile ground in which to implant the seeds of splendid acting . . . I found them neither parrot-like nor, as I had thought, conscious *poseurs*. Instead, I realize that they have the faculty of reacting emotionally to their surroundings, each individual falling naturally into the role his own station of life would indicate under the new circumstances. Actually, they are emotional chameleons. I found that a jazzy, lively bit of music brought flashing smiles, shouts of mirth and foot-patting. A sentimental song caused an instant hush and an attitude of reverence. A waltz tune followed. Before the three bars had been played, every form in the room was swaying rhythmically in time to the music."

That both on the legitimate stage and in the motion picture field producers have come to realize the latent dramatic ability of the Negro is evidenced by the increased number of Negro actors who have been engaged for productions this fall. Paul Robeson, in a play called "Black Boy" written by Jim Tully and Frank Dazey and staged by Horace Liveright; and Charlotte Wallace Murray and Julius Bledsoe in an operetta, "Deep River", written by Lawrence Stallings with music by W. Franke Harling and staged by Arthur Hopkins are to appear on Broadway this fall. Robeson has played the leading role in "The Emperor Jones" both in New York and in London and also in "All God's Chillun' Got Wings". Mrs. Murray and Mr. Bledsoe have had considerable experience on the concert stage.

In the motion picture field Negro actors are being used in increasing numbers. Frank Lloyd directing for the Paramount-Lasky Company is using a large number of Negroes as extras and minor characters in his motion picture, "The Eagle of the Sea". Bordering on stardom is Charles Gilpin's adventure into the motion picture world in the role of Uncle Tom. Hazel Calloway Jones who plays opposite Leon Chaney in "The Road to Mandalay" is also to be in this production, as well as Carolyn Snowden and many others. A film featuring the middleweight pugilistic champion, Tiger Flowers, has been made. Numerous other Negro actors are being given opportunities to play important roles in serious drama. The marked progress of actors, like Gilpin and Robeson, and actresses, such as Florence Mills, can leave no doubt as to the success of Negro actors in the future.

To Beauty

LANGSTON HUGHES

To worship
At the altar of Beauty,
To feel her loveliness and pain,
To thrill
At the wonder of her gorgeous moon
Or the sharp, swift, silver swords
Of falling rain.

To walk in a golden garden
When an autumn sun
Has almost set,
When near-night's purple splendor
Shimmers to a star-shine net.

To worship
At the altar of Beauty
Is a pleasure divine,
Not given to the many many
But to fools
Who drink Beauty's wine.
Not given to the many many
But to fools
Who seek no other goddess
Nor grapes
Plucked from another's
Vine.

Hampton Institute

Hampton, Virginia

TEACHERS COLLEGE

School of Agriculture—four-year course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science.

School of Education—four-year high-school teacher's course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science; and two two-year courses for primary, intermediate and upper-grade teachers.

School of Home Economics—four-year course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science; and two-year course.

Summer School for Teachers—courses leading to degree of Bachelor of Science and State Certificates.

SCHOOL OF BUSINESS

Offers four-year course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science and two-year course—aims to prepare men and women for business positions or to teach business subjects.

LIBRARY SCHOOL

Offers one-year, professional course—aims to prepare librarians for normal schools, colleges and branch libraries in city systems.

TRADE SCHOOL

Offers four-year course leading to degree of Bachelor of Science; and two year course—aims to train skilled builders.

FACTS

Enrollment, including practice and summer school and classes for teachers in service, 2,251; graduates, 2,753; and ex-students, over 8,800.

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1891 1926

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GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

A Technical School of High Grade

College courses in Agriculture, Engineering and Education.

A strong Commercial Course, Vocational High School and Trade School.

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For further information address

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THE TUSKEGEE NORMAL AND INDUSTRIAL INSTITUTE

Founded by Dr. Booker T. Washington

Offers Exceptional Opportunities to Negro Youth for Thorough Education in High School and College Courses and in Agriculture, Mechanical Industries and in Industries for women.

THE DEPARTMENT OF MECHANICAL INDUSTRIES for Boys comprises forty trades including Carpentry, Bricklaying, Auto-Mechanics, Applied Electricity, Photography, Printing, Machine Shop Practice and Tailoring.

THE WOMAN'S INDUSTRIES include Home Economics—Courses in Foods, Clothing, Millinery, Applied Art, Laundering, Household Management in addition to Home Crafts and Ladies' Tailoring.

THE AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT with 2,000 acres of land offers a comprehensive four-year course in Secondary Agriculture and a full four-year college course in Advanced Agriculture to train young men and women as Farm Demonstration and Home Demonstration Agents, Teachers of Agriculture and as Scientific Farmers.

TWO-YEAR COLLEGE COURSES are offered in Education for the training of Teachers in Elementary Schools, for Teachers of Mechanical Industries and in Business Training.

FOUR-YEAR COLLEGE COURSES leading to the Bachelor of Science degree are offered in Agriculture and in Home Economics.

THE BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL offers courses in Theological Training and Christian Service for Active Pastors, Sunday School Workers and Candidates for the Ministry, including a Summer School for Ministers for five weeks beginning July 6th.

THE JOHN A. ANDREW MEMORIAL HOSPITAL and Nurse Training School provides a three-year course in Nurse Training which qualifies its graduates for registration in all southern states.

A SUMMER SCHOOL FOR TEACHERS, of ten weeks, divided into two terms, beginning June 1st and meeting the requirements of the Boards of Education of all southern states.

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